

The Hon. Edward Everett, in a speech recently made at the annual dinner of the Alumni of Harvard, forcibly remarked—"A man, I think, would show himself wanting in patriotic feeling, who, on any public occasion, of whatever nature, could forbear an allusion to the present state of the country." Believing it is the wish of the Society which has done me the honor to select me for its orator on this occasion, that I should treat upon this all-absorbing theme in preference to any other, I will not disappoint any expectations that may be raised in this particular.

Ten years ago, the strength and security of the American Union seemed infinite. In every section of the country, South as well as North, fidelity to it was made an absolute test of patriotism; and its dissolution was regarded as almost beyond the scope of possible events. If now and then, a dissenting voice was heard, prophesying its downfall as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," it was instantly drowned by an indignant thunder-shout from ocean to ocean, "THE UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED!" Every religious sect, every political party, the pulpit, the press, all that was influential and powerful, reiterated the cry. To "make assurance doubly sure," Union-saving meetings were held in all the great cities and towns, speeches made, resolutions adopted, and pledges recorded, in glorification of the Union; the shade of Washington was invoked, and the solemn admonition contained in his Farewell Address was duly rehearsed:—"It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your National Union to your collective and individual happiness: that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity." Nothing was left undone, it was popularly believed, to render the Union "one and inseparable, now and for ever."

Where, now, is the Union? Broken asunder by the very Slave Power which dictated the terms at its formation, and to propitiate which, concessions were made by the North, for a period of seventy years, as humiliating and unrighteous as they were multitudinous! Eleven of the Slave States organized into a hostile confederacy, with an army of 500,000 making deadly war upon the General Government, confronted by an equal number of loyal citizens in martial array on the battle-field! Tens of thousands of victims, on both sides, killed and wounded, and still larger numbers slain or crippled by exposure, hardship, and the diseases of the camp; blood still flowing in torrents; the fury of the murderous strife increasing; merciless guerrilla raids in every direction by the rebels, instead of open field conflict; no sign of possible reconciliation or amicable arrangement visible; a national debt accumulating that threatens general bankruptcy; weeping and wailing through the land for the prematurely lost; imminent danger of foreign intervention, and consequent war with European powers; opposition to the Union in one part of the country treason, support of it in another part a capital offence; a Babel confusion of tongues as to the cause of all these horrors; no fixed, determined, efficient policy on the part of the Federal Government; old friendships turned into bitter enmities, all religious and political ties sundered, households at mortal variance, "the father against the son, the mother against the daughter, and the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law!" Such is the awful change wrought in the brief period of twenty months!

For every event there is an antecedent cause. To us, as a nation, is it really applicable the declaration of the prophet?—"The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, that thou dwelt in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high, and sitteth in thine heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground?" Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." Our vast increase in population, our unparalleled prosperity, our inexhaustible resources, our remote isolation from the old world and absolute exemption from its endless dissensions, our immense and ever-widening territorial possessions, our republican form of government, our Puritan and Revolutionary descent—all these things have served to make us the vainest and most boastful of all people. We have laughed to scorn all warnings of danger, all accusations of sinfulness, all threats of divine retribution. Like ancient Edom, we have exalted ourselves as "the eagle," and set our nest among "the stars"—nay, we have made the eagle and the stars our national symbols—and defiantly said, "Who shall bring us down to the ground?" But the justice of God has been too strong for us, and we are prostrate in the dust. For our guilt is identical with that of Edom, in the matter of oppression, and of complicity with oppressors!—"For thy violence against thy brother Jacob, shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off from the earth." Thou shouldst not have rejoiced over the children of Judah in the day of their destruction; neither shouldst thou have spoken proudly in their substance in the day of their calamity; nor have laid hands on their substance in the day of their calamity;—"It will never do to turn the slaves all loose at once!" So Pharaoh decided when Moses and Aaron said to him, in behalf of the oppressed children of Israel, "Thus saith the Lord God, Let my people go." It was a demand for immediate, unconditional, universal emancipation; in other words, that in this land is everywhere denounced as fanatic, destructive, pestilential abolitionism. Precisely the same demand was made through the prophet to the Jewish oppressors in his own day:—"Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, break every yoke." Every yoke includes all yokes, leaves no one in the house of bondage, brings instant and universal deliverance. "It would be an act of madness here!" exclaim men who profess to believe in the Bible as the inspired word of God, and to be the disciples of him who came to set the captive free. "Break every yoke!" is still the inexorable command. What is their response? "Lord, give us time; not to-day, but in the distant future; not all at once, but very gradually; it is a very delicate and complicated matter; it would reduce to penury masters and mistresses who are now surrounded with every comfort, and transform happy and contented slaves into vagabonds and cut-throats!" Still thunder from the heavens the command, "Break every yoke!" Again they exclaim—"Lord, think of the loss of the cotton crop! Think of the blow that would be given to commerce and manufactures! Think of the shock that would be given to our glorious Union! Think of all the terrible consequences of an act so rash and unadvisable! Why, Lord, it is nothing short of downright Garrisonian abolitionism!"

Such atheistical distrust, such guilty apprehensions, as condescendingly met with the most cheering assurances and the richest promises, in case of obedience. Here is the enumeration:—"If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity; and if thou draw thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day; and thy health shall spring forth speedily; thy righteousness shall also reap. The Lord shall be thy reward." All these were present at these fetes congratulated their former dependents on the bounties that had received, and hoped every moment that their former masters might be forgiven. Harmony and cheerfulness ensued on countenance. Many of the laborers gave their first week of free labor as an offering of good-will to their masters. Not a single instance of violence or insubordination, of serious disagreement or of interpenetration, occurred in the entire island.

In this distracted state of the country, let not the minnows of despotism in the old world find hope or consolation in the failure of democracy in the new. With us, democracy has not been a failure, because it yet remains to be tried. Genuine democracy includes all in its regards, irrespective of race, color or sex. The Declaration of Independence still remains true, in spite of our national recency to it. Those who enslave their fellow-creatures, or who connive at their enslavement, are not democrats, but cheats and dissemblers if they pretend to be such. It is not the democratic but the despotic principle of rule, in its extreme form, that they are reducing to practice; for chattel slavery is the sum of all despoticisms as well as of all villainies. As Christianity is utterly incompatible with heathenism, so democracy is with slavery. A democratic Slave State is as incoherent in speech, and as absurd in idea, as a Christian idolatrous

State. No democrat can possibly be a slaveholder, any more than a genuine Christian can be a devotee of Juggernaut.

"Thank Heaven! the lines are drawn this hour,
Twixt Manly Right and Despot Power!
Who faw like dogs at Slavery's gate!
Who plays good at Freedom's span,
He out is to Under Man,
Who treads the Woods of Slavery flat,
He is my LOYAL DEMOCRAT!"

The revolutionary struggle of 1776, though recognizing in the abstract the natural inalienable God-given right of every human being to liberty, was commenced, continued and ended with half a million slaves unreclaimed. It was not a struggle, therefore, for the right of human nature, but for colonial freedom and independence. It was based, not upon the doctrine of human brotherhood, but upon complexion, caste and geographical position. The people who could not endure a stamp upon their paper or a tax upon their tea, by the British Parliament, without their consent, could at the same time despise of every right, and subject to hopeless bondage, a vast multitude of their unfreeing fellow-creatures. While in one breath, they could denounce taxation without representation as a grievance too intolerable to be borne, in the next, they could unblushingly demand the right to buy, sell, inherit and bequeath, as marketable commodities, husbands and wives, parents and children, relatives and friends, "in lots to suit purchasers." While they were ready to lay down their lives, rather than submit to the civil and political disabilities imposed by the mother country, they were equally ready to maintain, at all hazards, the rightful enslavement of the African race. In view of this shocking inconsistency, THOMAS JEFFERSON, in his "Notes on Virginia," was constrained to exclaim—"What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure tort, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose."

To this day, liberty, as a principle, is not comprehended in this country; nay, it is almost universally rejected as a dogma equally fanatical and dangerous. The annual Fourth-of-July rehearsal of the Declaration of Independence serves only to show the extent of our effrontery and the depth of our shame. Half a million slaves in 1776 have multiplied to four millions in 1862. Nothing has been so odious, nothing so pernicious, for so many years past, as to plead their cause, and demand their immediate liberation. In every part of the country, their enslavement has been indicated as a necessity, a duty, a scriptural permission, a divine ordinance, an act of philanthropy. Of our three thousand public journals, less than half a dozen oppose it as inherently iniquitous; of the forty thousand pulpits, a very small proportion advocate its instant abolition as a religious duty. There is still universal incredulity to the safety and success of such abolition: all conceivable difficulties, dangers and horrors are thrown around it. The pleas for its continuance are not less perverse than multifarious. The victims are an inferior race; they are better off in slavery than they would be out of it; they do not want to be free; they could not take care of themselves, because of their laziness and improvidence, if they were liberated; they are under the curse of Cain; the prejudice against them is natural and unconquerable; they can never rise in the scale of being; they would commit the most dreadful excesses, if turned loose; their emancipation should be remote, gradual, and conditioned on expatriation, if ever attempted. These declarations are made by all classes, in every section of the country, with as much assurance as though they were eternal verities: whereas, they are lies and calumnies. For, if true, then the Declaration of Independence is indeed "a rhetorical flourish," the rights of human nature are mockeries, and the Golden Rule no test of moral obligation. No man has any natural or acquired right to liberty above another. If to enslave a native on the African coast is a piratical act, it is no less so to enslave the native of the United States. The right of one slave to be free is the right of every other. If its enjoyment would be safe in one case, it would be safe in all cases. Evidence to prove that sobriety is better than drunkenness, honesty better than robbery, purity better than licentiousness. The results of emancipation are as sure as the law of gravitation. They all run in one direction, to the triumphant vindication of the measure; but, of course, those who are disposed to deny personal freedom to the enslaved will not care to study the facts of emancipation. On the contrary, they will impudently deny or grossly pervert them.

None are more loose in their ideas than those who raise the outcry, "It will never do to turn the slaves all loose at once!" So Pharaoh decided when Moses and Aaron said to him, in behalf of the oppressed children of Israel, "Thus saith the Lord God, Let my people go." It was a demand for immediate, unconditional, universal emancipation; in other words, that in this land is everywhere denounced as fanatic, destructive, pestilential abolitionism. Precisely the same demand was made through the prophet to the Jewish oppressors in his own day:—"Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, break every yoke." Every yoke includes all yokes, leaves no one in the house of bondage, brings instant and universal deliverance. "It would be an act of madness here!" exclaim men who profess to believe in the Bible as the inspired word of God, and to be the disciples of him who came to set the captive free. "Break every yoke!" is still the inexorable command. What is their response? "Lord, give us time; not to-day, but in the distant future; not all at once, but very gradually; it is a very delicate and complicated matter; it would reduce to penury masters and mistresses who are now surrounded with every comfort, and transform happy and contented slaves into vagabonds and cut-throats!" Still thunder from the heavens the command, "Break every yoke!" Again they exclaim—"Lord, think of the blow that would be given to commerce and manufactures! Think of the shock that would be given to our glorious Union! Think of all the terrible consequences of an act so rash and unadvisable! Why, Lord, it is nothing short of downright Garrisonian abolitionism!"

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loyalty, is the word "EMANCIPATION," uttered by ABRAHAM LINCOLN as President of the United States. For liberty, and in defense of the government, they are willing to run all risks, endure all hardships, and, if need be, lay down their lives. They have an unshaken religious faith that this is God's appointed time and method for their deliverance. None will work harder, none will be more docile and obedient, none will fight more bravely, under the inspiration of freedom, than they. They are the women of the South to constitute a basis of civilization, by their deep religious nature, by their aptitude to learn, by their aspiration for a higher destiny, and thus, with a large infusion of Northern brains and muscles, to make the unity of the republic a possible and permanent event. I regard as essentially traitors, or practically demented, the man who spurns the proposition for their liberation and enrolment under the national flag, on account of their complexion; or who exhibits disgust at the thought that nineteen millions of Northern white men cannot whip into the Union traces six or eight millions of refractory Southern rebels. As for the complexion objection, it is equally unreasonable and unnatural. "A man's a man, for a' that."

As for their aid and co-operation in the camp and on the battle-field, and in every other serviceable capacity, if George Washington, at the head of the American army, was not backward to secure them, in "the times that tried man's soul"; and if General Beauregard does not hesitate to muster as many of them as are needed into the service of the rebellion; what true patriot will object to their being secured and employed in the maintenance of our common liberty?

He is an ignoramus, or a slanderer, who impeaches their courage or questions their capacity. In St. Domingo, they vanquished the best troops of Napoleon, and have maintained their independence to this day. In our Revolutionary struggle, it is historically conceded that they were among the bravest of the brave, and did much towards securing the liberties we are now enjoying. In the war of 1812-14 with Great Britain, they performed many gallant exploits on the sea and on land; and it was solely by the aid of the colored soldiers whom they invited to rally to the rescue, that Gen. Jackson was enabled to achieve his memorable victory at New Orleans; and he bestowed upon them the most flattering eulogies. It is next to the fact that the flag has been carried amid the thunder and flame of battle, on every field of conflict, their blood has been freely poured out for our common country. Say not that we can succeed without their help. If that is the spirit which animates us, a just God will never allow us to triumph. Moreover, it is pure deception to say, that it is nineteen millions pitted against eight. Even if we were so, let us remember that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But it is not true. The lamentable and alarming fact is, that the South is in deadly earnest—a unit in spirit and purpose, ready to be exterminated, but never to surrender; while our Northern house is fearfully divided against itself. The secession element is everywhere to be found in every Northern State, either very thinly disguised under the flimsy veil of conditional loyalty, or else bold and menacing in speech. Even the national capital is full of it, and it is the national capital that is now virtually in a state of siege, and not Richmond. The government seems to be without a policy, timid, equivocal, irresolute, and without vision; and thus far, with a few exceptions, nothing but disaster and defeat has attended our armies, bravely as they have fought. The South can never be vanquished, while she is allowed to retain slavery as a source of her strength and the object of her revolt. Let its immediate overthrow be made the test of loyalty, and resistance to a measure so effectual and beneficial be held as at least *prima facie* evidence of a treasonable spirit. There is not a moment to be lost. The blow that destroys slavery extinguishes the rebellion, and saves the life of the republic. In God's name, in justice to the oppressed, in defense of our own freedom, and for the sake of the cause of liberty throughout the world, let it be instantly given!

Men of the North—
The lords of treason and the whip
Have called you to the dread appeal,
From the loud frown's fevered lip,
And the wide fangs of bristling steel.

If now the echo of that voice
Shake down their prison-house of wrong,
They have their own pernicious choice;
For God is good, and Truth is strong.

Their steel draws lightning, and the bolt
Bursts their own volcano mine;
God in their vindictive Revolt
Treads out his sacramental wine!

Be all this our conquest—as they gave
Their all to Treason and the Chain,
We saw the fitter from the slave,
And make our sole revenge their gain!"

THE PRESIDENT TO MR. GREELEY.

Last week, Horace Greeley addressed a very cogent and impressive letter to President Lincoln, through the *Tribune*, conjuring him by the highest considerations to strike directly at the rebellion at its most vulnerable part, and fearlessly to carry out all the acts of Congress for its suppression. Waiving all official reticence, the President makes the following characteristic reply:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Friday, August 22, 1862.

HON. HORACE GREELEY:—
Dear Sir,—I have just read yours of the 19th inst., addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of facts which I may know to be erroneous, I do not mean to controvert them. If there be any inference which I may draw to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. It may be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always believed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you would say, I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be the Union it was.

If there be those who would not save the Union, unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not mean to argue with them. If there be those who would not save the Union, unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not now agree with them. My purpose is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.

I could save the Union without freeing any slave; I would do it; and if I could it, I would do it; but I could not, and I could not do it.

I would do less whenever I shall believe that I am doing more for the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true.

I have here stated my purposes, according to my official duty, and I intend no modification of what I have expressed. My personal wish is that all men every where should be free.

Yours, & LINCOLN.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, for September, has come to hand, with the following attractive table of contents:—Henry Thomas Buckle; The Molly O'Malley Papers; Hopetown Jacket—His Mark—by Richard Walcott; John Bull to Jonathan; Jonathan to John Bull; American Student Life; Go I and Win; John Neal; The Soldier and the Civilian; Author-Borrowing; Intervention; Macaroni and Canvas; Anthony Trollope on America; Up and At, by Charles G. Leland; Reminiscences of Andrew Jackson; Shakespeare's Caricature of Richard III, by Rev. E. G. H. Story, the author of "Among the Pines"; Shoulard Straps, by Henry Morford; National Unity, by Horace Greeley; Was He Successful? by Richard B. Kimball; Literary Notices; Editor's Table. J. R. Gilmore, Publisher, 532 Broadway, New York, and 110 Tremont Street, Boston. \$3.00 per annum, in advance; single copies, 25 cents.

MRS. L. MARIA CHILD TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It may seem a violation of propriety for a woman to address the Chief Magistrate of the nation at a crisis so momentous as this. But if the Romans, ages ago, accorded to Hortensia the right of addressing the Senate on the subject of a tax unjustly levied on the wealthy ladies of Rome, surely an American woman of the 19th century need not apologize for pleading with the rulers of her country in behalf of the poor, the wronged, the cruelly oppressed. Surely the women of America have a right to inquire, nay, demand whether their husbands, sons and brothers are to be buried by thousands in Southern swamps, without obtaining thereby indemnity for the past and security for the future."

In your Appeal to the Border States, you have declared slavery to be, "without which the war could never have been," and you speak of emancipation as "the step which at once shortens the war." I would respectfully ask how much longer the nation is to wait for the decision of the Border States, paying, meanwhile, \$2,000,000 a day, and sending thousands of its best and bravest to be stabbed, shot, and hung by the rebels, whose property they are employed to guard. How much longer will pro-slavery officers be permitted to refuse obedience to the laws of Congress, saying, "We shall continue to send back fugitives to their masters until we receive orders from the President to the contrary." What fatal spell is cast over your honest mind, that you hesitate so long to give such orders? Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Neither nation, nor individuals, are against His laws with impunity. Hear the old Hebrew Prophet whose words seem as if spoken for us: "Thou shouldst not have stood in the crossway to cut off those that did escape; neither shouldst thou delivered up those that did remain in the day of distress. For thy violence against thy brother, shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off forever. The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, saying, who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou shouldest exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."

The American people have manifested almost miraculous patience, forbearance and confidence in their rulers. They have given incontrovertible proof that their intelligence, their love of country, may be trusted to any extent. They are willing to sacrifice their fortunes and their lives, but they very reasonably wish to know what they are sacrificing them for. Men, even the bravest, do not go resolutely and cheerfully to death in the name of diplomacy and strategy. The human soul, under such circumstances, needs to be told, that it is nineteen millions pitted against eight. Even if we were so, let us remember that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But it is not true. The lamentable and alarming fact is, that the South is in deadly earnest—a unit in spirit and purpose, ready to be exterminated, but never to surrender; while our Northern house is fearfully divided against itself. The secession element is everywhere to be found in every Northern State, either very thinly disguised under the flimsy veil of conditional loyalty, or else bold and menacing in speech. Even the national capital is full of it, and it is the national capital that is now virtually in a state of siege, and not Richmond. The government seems to be without a policy, timid, equivocal, irresolute, and without vision; and thus far, with a few exceptions, nothing but disaster and defeat has attended our armies, bravely as they have fought. The South can never be vanquished, while she is allowed to retain slavery as a source of her strength and the object of her revolt. Let its immediate overthrow be made the test of loyalty, and resistance to a measure so effectual and beneficial be held as at least *prima facie* evidence of a treasonable spirit. There is not a moment to be lost. The blow that destroys slavery extinguishes the rebellion, and saves the life of the republic. In God's name, in justice to the oppressed, in defense of our own freedom, and for the sake of the cause of liberty throughout the world, let it be instantly given!

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a kind that will stand much wear and tear. The course that some of them have pursued recalls to my mind the words of the same old Hebrew prophet: "The men of the Confederacy have brought these even to the border. The men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee. They that eat thy bread have laid a wound under thee."

Much has been said concerning the inhumanity of arming the blacks. All war is necessarily inhuman; but I cannot perceive why there is more inhumanity in a black man fighting for his freedom than in a white man fighting for the same cause. Doubtless, long years of oppression have brutalized many of the slaves, and darkened their moral sense almost as much as it has that of the slaveholders. If, wearied out with their long waiting in vain for help, and grieved by the increase of their sufferings, they should resort to insurrection, indiscriminate cruelty might be the result. But this danger would be averted by organizing them under the instruction and guidance of officers who would secure their confidence by just treatment. They are by nature docile, and have been trained to habits of obedience. There seems no reason to apprehend that their passage through any district would be accompanied with more devastation than that of other troops. As for bravery, they would stimulate it to the most powerful motives that act on human nature—the prospect of freedom on the one hand, and the fear of falling into their masters' power on the other.

I need not speak of emancipation as a measure of policy. Enough has been said and written to prove that enlightened self-interest requires it at our hands. But there is one aspect of the question which seems to me very important, though generally overlooked. I mean the importance of securing the confidence of the slaves, to make them feel secure of their freedom, if they serve the United States. One of the "contrabands" at Fortress Monroe said, "We want to work for the United States; but we can't work with heart, because we feel anxious about what the United States means to do with us when the war is over." I often see suggestions about impressing the negroes, and compelling them to work for us. Last night's paper states that orders have been given to employ them in some of the camps, and to pay wages to those of them who are free. In the name of justice, what right have we to force slaves to work without wages? What right have we to recognize slaves in persons working for the United States? Have we gone so far in this struggle without learning yet that heart-labor is of infinitely more value than compulsory labor? It is our duty, as well as our best policy, to deal justly and kindly by the poor fugitives who toil for us, and to stimulate their energies by making them feel secure of their freedom. No matter how much we suffer, if we can only convince the South that we never intended to harm slaves!

I am soul-sick of all this cant about the President, to prove that he is an honest man. Away with it! I judge him by his acts, not by his intentions. I know he is an exceedingly amiable man, and therein lies the nation's danger. He might be a good passenger in the ship in calm weather, never creating a disturbance anywhere; but he is not the man to serve as a pilot amid the breakers. He deludes every man who talks with him into the belief that he is going to announce a policy for the vigorous putting down of the rebellion, and slavery, if he can be convinced that such is the will of the people; but he pays no heed to any demonstration of theirs. I have no doubt the instincts of his human soul come out, and he feels what he says at the moment he is talking with Wendell Phillips or Charles Sumner, and then, when he is talking with border State men, the instincts of Kentucky predominate, and he acts on their side.

When a nation's fate is trembling in the scale, it is for us to stand debating whether Mr. Seward defeated this or that measure, or Mrs. Lincoln's accession privilities do not overrule the better judgment and impulses of our husband? No! Better that we should denounce him as a traitor. Does he not aid and abet the enemy by protecting them in the only resource they have? Is he not levying war against the government, in weakening the resources for its preservation, by crippling every effort for its successful defense? By deliberately protracting a struggle which is fast draining the life-blood of the nation, and leading his influence to those most in sympathy with the rebels, will he not, if this Republic shall fall, and fail it must, if the oculum of public sentiment is not brought to bear upon him in such a way that he will be compelled to remember that there is a North, and that it has rights as sacred as the slaveholders, and dares to maintain them?—that is, if saved through Abraham Lincoln, will he not go to his place in history as one of those who deserve the execration of mankind for betraying the most sacred interests ever given to man to defend?

Mr. Seward has instituted a new policy, which is to make the States judges of the troops necessary for the defense of the country. If it is politic to throw such a responsibility on them, they would doubtless accept the offer as the best bargain they could make; because, alas! they have been unable to find out what the United States means to do with them. What candid person could blame them for such a course? Should we not do the same under similar circumstances?

Mr. President, God has placed you as a father over these poor oppressed millions. Remember their forlorn condition! Think how they have been for generations deprived of the light of knowledge and the hope of freedom! Think of the cruel lashes inflicted on them for trying to learn to read the Word of God! Think of their wives polluted, and their children sold, without any means of redress for such foul and cruel wrongs! Imagine them stealing through midnight swamps, infested with snakes and alligators, guided toward freedom by the North Star, and then turned back into bondage by Northern bloodhounds in the employ of the United States! Think how long their groans and prayers for deliverance have gone up before God, from the hidden recesses of Southern forests! Listen to the refrain of their plaintive hymn, "Let my people go!" Above all, think of their present woeful uncertainty, scourged and driven from one to another, not knowing whom to trust! We are told that uncouth prisoners go up from their bruised hearts, in the secrecy of their rude little cabins, that "God would bress Massa Lincoln." I think there nothing that touches your heart in the simple trust of these poor, benighted, suffering souls! In view of it, can you still allow the officers of the United States to lash them at their pleasure, and send them back to their masters, on the plea that the President has given no orders on the subject? Shall such officers go unrebuked, while Gen. Hunter is checked in his wise and humane policy, and when the great, honest soul of Gen. Phelps is driven to the alternative of disowning the convictions of his own conscience, or quitting the service of his country? If you can thus stifle the moral enthusiasm of noble souls; if you can thus disappoint the hopes of poor, helpless wretches, who trust in you as the appointed agent of their deliverance, may God forgive you! It will require infinite mercy to do it.

I can imagine, in some degree, the embarrassment of your position, and I compassionate you for the heavy weight of responsibility that rests upon your shoulders. I know that you are surrounded by devils that have squeezed themselves into the disguise of toads. I pray you to lose no more time in counting these toads, and calculating how big a devil each may contain. Look upward instead of downward. Place your reliance on principles rather than men. God has placed you at the head of a great nation at a crisis when its free institutions are in extreme peril from enemies within and without. Lay your right arm on the buckler of the Almighty, and march fearlessly forward to universal freedom in the name of the Lord!

Pardon me if, in my earnestness, I have said enough to touch your heart in the simple trust of these poor, benighted, suffering souls! In view of it, can you still allow the officers of the United States to lash them at their pleasure, and send them back to their masters, on the plea that the President has given no orders on the subject? Shall such officers go unrebuked, while Gen. Hunter is checked in his wise and humane policy, and when the great, honest soul of Gen. Phelps is driven to the alternative of disowning the convictions of his own conscience, or quitting the service of his country? If you can thus stifle the moral enthusiasm of noble souls; if you can thus disappoint the hopes of poor, helpless wretches, who trust in you as the appointed agent of their deliverance, may God forgive you! It will require infinite mercy to do it.

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REMARK.—Mr. Lincoln's entire address to the colored committee was a tissue of absurdities and false assumptions.—*Ed. Lib.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND COLONIZATION.

WORCESTER, August 18, 1862.

MR. GARRET.—The most characteristic act of the President, which exhibits him under the least disguise, is his address to the delegation of colored men I have faith to believe that, if he could only be permitted to attain the age of Methuselah, he might possibly arrive at a dim perception of the fact, that as slavery is the cause of the rebellion, its extinction must be the only way to put it down. He says, for the colored race, there would be no war. Marvelous foresight! So put an end to it, he is going to expatriate it. That might possibly be accomplished in the course of his life-time.

I hope this bit of statesmanship will be incorporated into the next treatise on political science, for the benefit of the coming generation. A fitting diadem to grace America's brow, that, after two centuries of the most diabolical despotism the world over knew, she spoke through her chief magistrate, these significant words: "We have in our midst a race that we have plundered and oppressed, to whom we have denied every claim of humanity, out of whose souls we have crushed every noble aspiration, until the judgments of God are visiting us sore; and now we will save ourselves by getting rid of them."

Mr. President, God is not to be hoodwinked by you. Justice and righteousness are his, and you are but a speck in the hollow of his hand, which he can crush out of existence at any moment, in the silent workings of those eternal laws which he never fails to vindicate against all human inventions to defeat and evade them.

Then again, see how significant the close is: "Take your full time: no hurry at all." That has been the character of the war from the beginning, and will be to the close of his authority. Probably, he is a believer in that old doctrine, getting very popular now among theologians, that "God is never in a hurry." This is the way they explain away our slow progress in putting down the rebellion. He probably forgot himself when he rained fire and brimstone upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and sent the ten plagues upon Egypt. Ab, no! not hurry, as long as we can send our hundred thousands to die in the swamps, and impoverish Northern capital to pay the expense of the sacrifice. No matter how much we suffer, if we can only convince the South that we never intended to harm slaves!

Mr. President, God is not to be hoodwinked by you. Justice and righteousness are his, and you are but a speck in the hollow of his hand, which he can crush out of existence at any moment, in the silent workings of those eternal laws which he never fails to vindicate against all human inventions to defeat and evade them.

I need not repeat that his method of neutrality, in such a struggle as is now going on between the Northern people and the Southern slaveholders, is as distasteful to me and contrary to my sense of duty as ever. Nor need I re-affirm what I before said of the extreme trial of patience by which every anti-slavery person is exercised, through the slow and compromising course of President Lincoln. But, willing or unwilling, (and surely I hope the former,) he is to be, I believe, the instrument of the slaves' deliverance. And let me add, that I consider the halting and unbelief of our Government, and the present darkened condition of our public affairs, to be fully as much the fault and guilt of the Northern people as of Mr. Lincoln. The worst and most degrading feature of slavery, exhibited by the people of the North, is the despotic *prejudice against color*,—the virus of which is just in proportion to the ignorance and low rank in the human scale of him who cherishes it. There is more power in the North sufficient to rise superior to this inhuman and atheistic sentiment, and constrain our Government to enact justice, mercy, and right?

I am soul-sick of all this cant about the President, to prove that he is an honest man. Away with it! I judge him by his acts, not by his intentions. I know he is an exceedingly amiable man, and therein lies

Poetry.

For the Liberator.

THE PRESIDENT'S CALL, AND PROCLAMATION.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"Three hundred thousand more brave men are wanted—

Three hundred thousand more fathers and sons,
To stand in the swamp, and to dig in morasses—
To toil in the trenches, and sleep by their guns.Three hundred thousand, of volunteer freemen,
To be drilled in the camp, while the foe gathers power;
To be harassed and starved, disappointed and maddened,
By the "strategy" strange that is ruling the hour.Three hundred thousand, white sons of white mothers—
Hear ye not the words, is the call not enough,
To make you spring gladly to join your white brothers,
Who passed into bliss from Bull Run and Ball's Bluff?Come, come! give your names! it is men that are wanted;
Not patriots brave that will conquer the foe;

Men, men, for the sacrifice!—go, nothing daunted,

"Neath Slavery's Shekinah let precious blood flow.

Oh, mothers and wives! shall we hold back our treasure?

Know we not 't our country that calls for our brave?

Our first-born already rest well from their labors—

Shall we not give our last, that the traitors have spared?

The dark men by thousands stand ready and waiting—

To be armed and equipped, and with hearts brave and strong.

Will join in this conflict against their oppressors,

To work till the last rebel owns to the wrong.

But, bark! 'tis the voice of our President speaking!

His words bright the hopes of the friends of the slave;

"We will not arm the negroes!"—Brave heart, cease thy beating.

While our President digs for thy dear one a grave.

* * * * *

Oh! rulers of men, think ye Justice is sleeping?

Is the ear of the "All Father" deaf to the cry

Of the widow and orphan, and slave mother weeping?

And the war spirits laugh as that edict sweeps by!

Oh! God! still have mercy! spare us yet as a nation!

The people in travail are groaning to-day;

And a child shall be born of that dread proclamation,

Whose name shall be FREDON, to praise thee for thy sake?

For the Liberator.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

All hail, Columbia! to thy western skies,
Where sacred Freedom's lofty temples rise,
The virgin goddess bends her azure flight;On the fleet visions of diffusive light,
She comes, with Love's resplendent rays, t' illumine

The vale of woe, and cheer its awful gloom;

To snatch mankind from the cold arms of death,

And reprise with being's transient breath.

But, ah! will ye who fight in Freedom's cause,

Die in battle or defend her laws;

Will ye, when fortune has your efforts crowned,

And deathless laurels round your temples bound;

Will ye such bold achievements now disgrace?

Nor freedom grant to all the human race?

Shall the poor bondman blot your rising fame,

And sue for justice with neglected claim?

In the dark cell, where sorrow dwells with pain,

Their tortured limbs indented with the chain,

See Ethiopia's sons, because the day

Upon their skins has glanced too warm a ray?

From social joy, from their dear native land,

By Fraud's ungenerous artifice trepanned,

Far to the west, o'er swelling surges round,

In slaveish life of woe and toil to mourn!

Blush, blush, ye Rebels! who, for luce's sake,

Through every natural bond of freedom break!

Although with honor crowned, Columbia's name

May sound eternally through the trump of fame;

Though shouting millions her new system boast,

By Solons plann'd, t' univer'ly arris' hot;

Yet, while the negro clanks Oppression's chain,

And these unfeeling, brutal tyrants reign,

Though decked with all the splendid charms of State,

Her blimmed character can ne'er be great.

Hail, glorious era, when the genial rays

Of mild Philanthropy, in one broad aisle,

Shall round the world benignant lustre dart,

And war the haughty Rebels' frozen heart;

When Afric's millions shall to freedom rise,

And loud rapture yield the lighting skies!

Columbia's eagle then, with wings unfurled,

Shall symbolize redemption for the world.

Boston, August 9, 1862.

G. E. T.

From the Atlantic Monthly for August.

A SUMMER DAY.

At daybreak, in the fresh light, joyfully
The fisherman drew in their laden net;The shore shone rosy purple, and the sea
Was streaked with violet.And, pink with sunrise, many a shadowy sail
Lay southward, lighting up the sleeping bay,And in the west the white moon, still and pale,
Faded before the day.Silence was everywhere. The rising tide
Slowly filled every cove and inlet small:

A musical low whisper multiplied,

You heard, and that was all.

No clouds at dawn; but, as the sun climbed higher,
White columns, thunderous, splendid, up the sky,
Floated and stood, in sun's clear fire,
A stately company.

Stealing along the coast, from cape to cape,

The weird mirage crept tremulously on,

In many a magic change and wondrous shape

Throbbing beneath the sun.

At noon the wind rose—swept the glassy sea

To sudden ripples—thrust again the clouds

A strenuous shoulder—gathering steadily,

Drove them before in crowds,

Till all the west was dark, and ink black

The level ruffled water underneath,

And up the wind-cloud tossed, a ghostly rack,

Many a ragged wreath.

Then suddenly roared the thunder, a great "wal"

Magnificent, that broke and rolled away;

And down the wind ploughed, like a furious keel;

Cleaving the sea to spray,

And brought the rain, sweeping o'er land and sea;

And then was tumult! Lightning, sharp and keen,

Thunder, wind, rain—a mighty jubar!

The heaven and earth between?

And loud the ocean sang—a chorus grand—

A solemn music sung in undertone

Of waves that broke, on either hand

The little island lone,

Where, joyful in His temple as His calm,

Held in the hollow of that hand of His,

I joined with heart and soul in God's great psalm,

Thrilled with a nameless bliss.

Soon lulled the wind—the summer storm soon died;

The shattered clouds went eastward, drifting slow;

From the low sun the rain-fringe swept aside,

Bright in His rosy glow,

And wide a splendor streamed through all the sky

O'er land and sea, one soft, delicious blush,

That touches the gray rocks lightly, tenderly,

A transitory flush.

Slow faded the sweet light, and His peace—

The quiet stars came out, one after one—

The holy twilight deepened silently,

The summer day was done.

Such unalloyed delight its hours had given,

Musing, this thought rose in my grateful mind,

That God, who watches all things, up in heaven,

With patient eyes, and kind,

THE LIBERATOR.

Saw and was pleased, perhaps, one child of His
Dared to be happy, like the little birds,
Because he gave his children days like this,
Rejoicing beyond words.—

Dared, lifting up to Him untroubled eyes
In gratitude that worship is, and prayer,
Sing and be glad with ever new surprise
He made His world so fair?

The Liberator.

THE NEW JERUSALEM MESSENGER.

MR. GARRISON:

At the forty-third General Convention of the New Church, (Swedenborgian,) held in Boston, on the 11th to 15th June, 1862, the editor of their weekly paper, *The New Jerusalem Messenger*, Mr. J. L. Jewett, was superseded by Rev. James P. Stuart, formerly of Glendale, Ohio.

This, I think, shows some anti-slavery progress, even in the New Church conservative order. The *Messenger*, under the editorship of Mr. Jewett, totally ignored the monstrous wickedness and evils of slavery. A foreigner, who should read no other American paper, could not learn by it that such an odious institution as slavery had an existence in the United States. Mr. Jewett, its late editor, who has been its editor since the commencement of the paper, seven years ago, never had a word to say against slavery, or the evils arising therefrom. But he occasionally uttered his hate of abolition. Although he has kept out of his paper any condemnation of slavery, he cannot refrain from showing his hate of abolition and abolitionists. In his parting with the *Messenger*, in the paper of June 28th, occupying three and a half columns, he comes out more fully upon the subject, and shows his "cloven foot" more plainly than ever, in his animosity to abolition and abolitionists.

I perceive that at the celebration of the anniversary of our independence from Great Britain, on the 4th of July, 1862, at Boston, the chief orator of the day, Hon. George Ticknor Curtis, had not one word to say against American slavery—not he! But he was very severe against the abolitionists. He has no notion of having this guilty nation repeating of its enormous sin in still holding four millions of human beings in the most abject bondage. He wants this war closed, and the Government restored as it was before the war,—slavery and all. Jefferson Davis may then, by the aid of the Northern democracy, be chosen President, and the South accomplish the object of war, and our "glorious Union" be made to foot the bill—paying for all the cost of the war, and slavery established stronger than ever. Is this the future destiny of the Republic? But I hope better things, though I thus speak.

Yours for Liberty, I. S.

EVIL EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

DEERFIELD CENTRE, N. H., Aug. 18, 1862.

FRRIEND GARRISON.—A subscriber to your paper for twelve years, in favor of the reforms you advocate, I respectfully ask you to publish the accompanying communication, because I think it contains truths that ought to be published.

Yours, for Freedom and Humanity, A. M. J. M. PAGE.

—

Among the evil effects produced by the civil war existing in this country, one of the most lamentable is the demoralizing influence exerted upon that class of persons, termed Reformers. Men who have, for years, labored to effect the subversion of slavery, claiming to be actuated by a regard for the welfare of both slave and master, are now engaged in a brutal war to subdue and crush the South, whom they have considered less guilty of the crime of slaveholding than the North; and also to preserve a Southern contest, without whose aid, they have been unable to effect their purpose.

With the unprincipled politicians at the North declare war against the freedom of speech and of the press. What else can be meant by the Democratic address?

It seeks to convert into a gorgon horror the single word "abolition." But abolition of what?

Why of slavery. It is then, according to this address, a crime to be opposed to slavery. It is a crime to be in favor of human freedom. It is a crime to express an opinion. It is a crime to stand by the Government in this war, because, according to the address, it is an abolition crusade.

Hence we must stop this Southern contest, and make war upon the North. We must suppress abolition.

And how are we to suppress abolition? It is a cause resting solely on argument and moral suasion.

It has never been advocated in any other way. To suppress abolition, then, means to suppress all discourse on the subject, to put a stop to the freedom of discussion on this theme, to compel silence about slavery unless we endorse and praise the inhuman institution.

How shall we go about accomplishing this?

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